



## JACKASS DIPLOMACY

The Jackass brand of diplomacy which has distinguished the administration at Washington appears to be having its duplication in these happy islands of ours. Great is Woodrow Wilson and Pinkham is his prophet!

Our Governor just now appears to be trying to stir up excitement by jabbing little pin pricks into the local Japanese community and while evidently attempting to bring about something is incidentally committing every blunder within the range of possibility.

Take this case of the Japanese aviator. Now, if the Japanese secret service wants any information regarding the defenses of Hawaii which it has not already tucked away in its card index it certainly is not going to rely on securing it by any such a stupid stunt as sending an aviator up aloft. It may be taken as granted by those who do not know it for a fact, that the Japanese of Oahu know more about the topography of the island, about the mountain trails, about the shore line and the landing places, about the forts and the guns and the garrisons and the food supply than all the rest of the community put together, and to connect the proposed flight of a Japanese aviator with a dark and deep plot to snatch the Paradise of the Pacific away from Uncle Sam is silliness raised to the Nth degree.

But, silly as that may be, the way in which the authorities have carried out what may be orders to prevent the flight has been sillier still. The first instinct in Jackass diplomacy, evidently, is to create as great an annoyance over nothing as possible, to avoid any consideration for others and, if possible, stir up trouble where none exists.

The first instance of stopping the Japanese from showing off before his local countrymen consisted of waiting until the man was all ready to leave the ground, after several hundred Japanese had tramped to Mounaolu, many women carrying their babies and trudging the two or three miles to participate in the only event of the Japanese holiday, and then butting in. The aviator became the central point for a brawl, in which police and spectators took verbal parts. Dillydallying brought about this result, and no explanation of the eleventh hour action was given to the aviator or to those who had paid their money to see him.

Then, after the wondering Japanese had waited for the local war clouds to blow off, the aviator being safely tucked away and the battleships of the Mikado having dipped over the horizon, came the second attempt. Every precaution was taken by the aviator and his manager. They paid cable tolls to Washington to secure permission. They observed the local police regulations. They re-advised the affair, and all was lovely, to all appearances. Then, on the eve of the flight, they were notified to see Governor Pinkham and get another permission. Although they knew that the Governor had no more authority to stop the flight than he has power to keep the sun from rising—except that he was being made the goat by someone afraid to come into the open—they called upon him and got the hook.

This was all according to the rules of Jackass diplomacy. If the Governor had wanted to act with any degree of ordinary official sense he would not have sent a subordinate clerk of a bank to summon the aviator into his presence, for the sake of humiliating him. He would have taken up the matter in plenty of time, explained to the aviator or to the Japanese editors promoting the flight that for reasons he could not divulge the affair should not take place, and he would have expressed his regret that the Japanese community had been inconvenienced. An ordinary diplomat, with the instincts of a gentleman to help over the rough places, would have done so, and there would have been no disagreeable impressions.

But to blunder seems to be Democracy's chief pride. Woodrow Wilson established the precedent when he brayed out his views regarding the "insidious lobby," views that he has had to change and words that he has had to swallow repeatedly since he committed that wrong upon Hawaii. Yesterday, Secretary Tamm, acknowledged that the White House had allowed the country to be grievously embarrassed regarding the recent Smyrna episode. The United States has just wiped the spit of Oregon's insult from its face, an insult which Wilson and the smirking Bryan repeatedly invited. Jackass diplomacy, piffle and bunk. "Thank God for Woodrow Wilson."

And our Governor, pluming to break into the piffle class, first spills a bucketful of meaningless words in insult of the sugar planters, who contribute nine-tenths of the Territory's prosperity, and then does his little best to antagonize and dissatisfy the Japanese, who form fifty per cent of the population.

## BALLOU, BRECKONS AND DESHA

I believe it to be no secret that the entire cordial between Judge Sydney M. Ballou and the Honorable Jonah K. Kalanianoʻole has been strained. I have never heard Sydney's frank opinion of Cupid, but I have heard Cupid saying some real harsh things about Sydney, which leads me to believe that there is not that Damon and Pythias sentiment between the unofficial representative of Hawaii on the job and the official representative when the latter drops in at Washington on paydays.

Cupid, in the first flush of victory over Charley Rice, sent an emissary out among the sugar planters with a hint, coyly dropped, that if they would call off Ballou he would allow them once again to pay the salary of someone to do the work at Washington he is supposed to do. The hint was gathered up, turned over and discussed in the right quarters.

Now, whether the coincidental coming back of Judge Ballou and the intimation that Bob Breckons may become Kuhio's secretary mean

## Princess Thelma

By Will Sabia

Princess, there is sorrow in our islands,  
Not because the world war brings us woe,  
But because you went away and left us—  
'Twas so soon to have to let you go!

It was so very early in the daytime,  
Of this, your happy, kindly life on earth,  
And everybody loved you, Princess Thelma,  
Because you understood what love was worth.

Death called you in a stranger country, Princess,  
Across the vasty ocean, far away—  
And did you, when your spirit tasted freedom,  
Come swiftly to your own Hawaii Naei!

You left us in the morning of your world-day,  
To pleasure in the music of the spheres,  
And the memory of your being, Princess Thelma,  
Will refresh us in the twilight of our years.

So young, so sweetly simple in your kindness,  
Your worldly riches did not chill your heart;  
Oh, Princess, there is sadness in your islands  
That one so full of sunshine should depart.

Around your couch, Princess, as you were dying,  
You called your homelands minstrelsy to sing,  
Your soul desired the music of your birthplace—  
Sweet voices gave your passing spirit wing.

Death called you in a stranger country, Princess,  
Across the vasty ocean, far away—  
And did you, when your spirit tasted freedom,  
Come swiftly to your own Hawaii Naei!

## The Bystander.

that the Delegate has finally got his bayonet home under the judge's fifth rib or not, I cannot tell, but I am going to watch for the developments of the near future. It may be that Breckons is going to Washington to be both the secretary to the Delegate and the representative of the sugar planters, which would not be a bad combination at all.

Breckons has powerful friends at Washington, knows the islands' needs, is a shrewd politician, and—above all—is one of the few to whose advice Kuhio will listen. Of course Bob will come high, but then, he is worth it.

Immediately after election, Kuhio told his intimate friends that he had no intention of doing anything that would divorce his present private secretary from the salary he was receiving, so, I take it, a part of the price the planters will have to pay to induce Kuhio to have someone with him at Washington who can do something will be to pension Desha junior. Kuhio says that he owes a political debt to the Reverend Stephen, and the planters will have to pay it.

## THE MALIHINI CHRISTMAS TREE

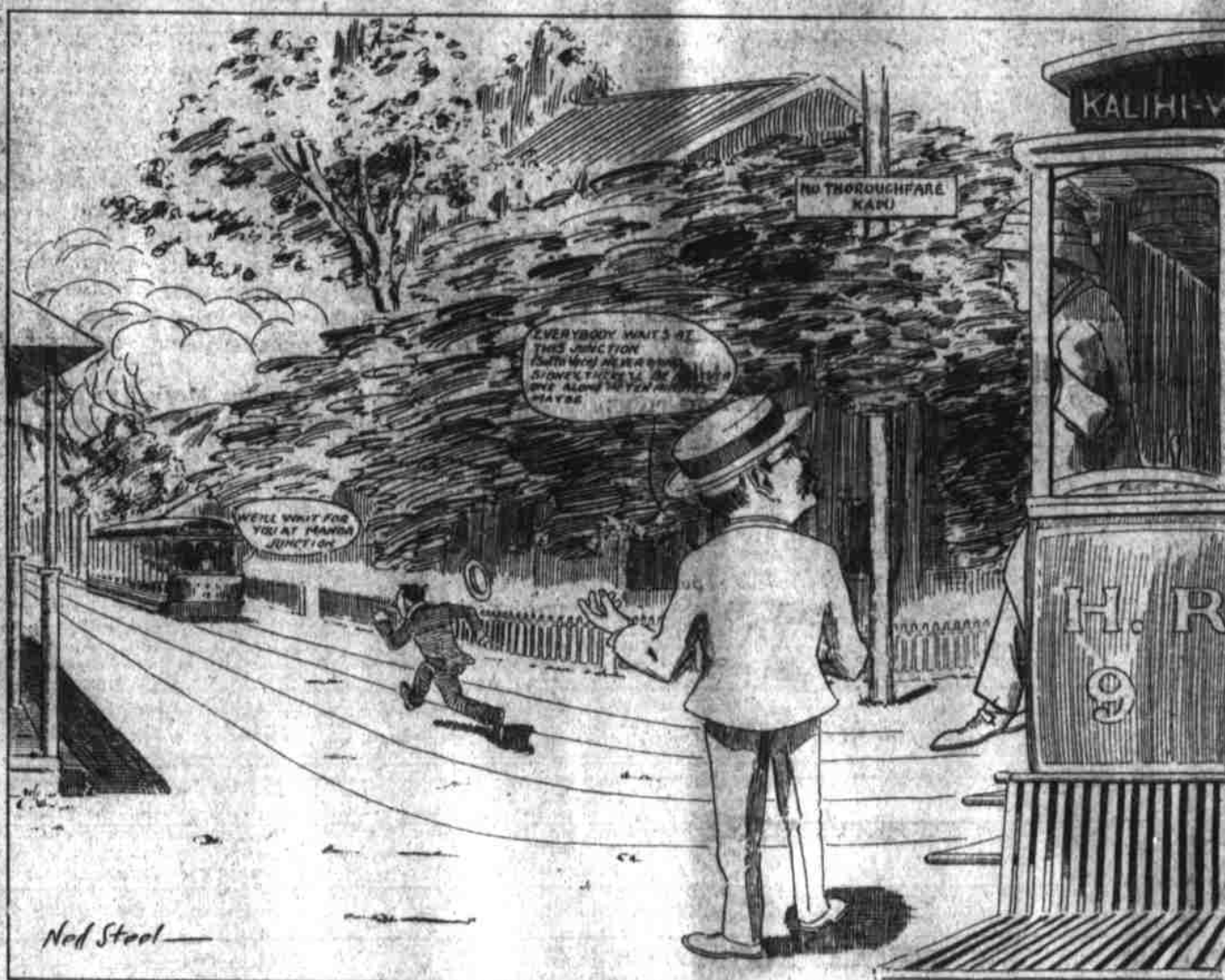
"I think that it will be a shame if the kiddies of Honolulu have to do without their Malihini Christmas Tree this year," said one of Honolulu's estimable women to me during the week.

"Well," I explained, "Honolulu has given so much, that to ask for something more would be in the nature of an imposition. The idea is to have the Malihini Tree children know that this year they are giving their Christmas treat to the homeless and the orphaned in Europe."

"That's all very fine," said the estimable lady. "But all the kiddies will ever know is that they are being forgotten this year. They know nothing about Belgium, or the horrors of the war. All they will know is that Santa Claus has skipped them. I think we should ask the people to give a little bit more. For five or six hundred dollars we can get something for twelve or fifteen hundred of our own little ones who are practically destitute. Let's try it, anyhow."

And so I agreed to "put it up to Honolulu." Will we try for the Malihini Tree, on a small scale, and keep up the good work that was started several years ago? Correspondence is requested. Those of you who have contributed in the past, drop a line to The Advertiser and let the Malihini Christmas Tree committee know whether to abide with the decision to cancel the tree for 1914 or to go ahead with it as usual.

## SEEING OAHU SERIES—THE PAWAA PAUSE



## Monte Cristo's Prison

German Prisoners Now Kept In Gloomy Stronghold Made Famous by Dumas

Everybody who has read "Monte Cristo" or seen it acted, will remember the Chateau d'If, the fearsome prison from which Dumas's sailor hero, Edmond Dantes, escaped for so many years by James O'Neill, escaped in a sack, after having taken the place therein of his fellow prisoner and counselor, the Abbe Faria.

Such Dumas lovers, accordingly, may be interested, says the New York Times, to hear that the Chateau d'If, which stands, of course, on an island in Marseilles harbor and was a fortress before it became a prison, is, owing to the war, once more in use as a place of detention, after having been for many years a show place.

"I have just steamed round it," writes a correspondent, "and espied several melancholy black figures in French uniforms on the battlements. They were guarding German prisoners. Outside the door of the central fort were three monks, and along the winding path to the landing stage was a thick dark coil of prisoners. In the offing was a red French ship taking up a fresh batch of prisoners from a small boat for conveyance to Algiers. It was a silent, gloomy picture, but no one could tell me whether the famous old dungeons are still being used."

It was from a dungeon of the Chateau d'If, of course, that Edmond Dantes made his escape, after having languished within its walls fourteen years. How Dantes and the "mad" Abbe Faria managed to communicate with each other by means of a tunnel dug between their cells; how the abbe told his young protégé of the treasure of Monte Cristo, and how the latter, encased in his sack, finally was thrown into the sea from the ramparts of the chateau, with a thirty-pound shot tied to his feet—all this is too familiar a story to need to be recalled. Visitors to the chateau, by the way, are always shown "Edmond Dantes' dungeon," and Faria's, too, despite the fact that no such persons ever existed.

As a fact, the stage version of "Monte Cristo," played so many times by O'Neill and other actors the world over, is a poor thing indeed, compared with Dumas's masterpiece, which the late Lord Salisbury, it is said, used to keep under his pillow. In the play all the relationships of the novel are mixed up in a fashion calculated to

SOME REMARKS  
HIGH PRIVATE  
JONES

"You just got to overlook them things sometimes," said High Private Jones to his bunkie, who had been lashed out by the captain as the company was dismissed. "Now you know, an' I know the old man's a pretty good scout, but then he's got some troubles of his own. That's what he's crabbin' about this mornin'."

"It's all a matter of money," continued Jones. "Money's at the bottom of all the skipper's grouch. He ain't the guy to put in a whole mornin' drill without a pleasant look to anybody unless there's something seriously a-peetin' his digestion. I know what's worryin' him. I heard him get a fine bawlin' out from the major this mornin' before we turned out."

"Well, for the love of Mike," interrupted Jones' bunkie, "why don't he go home an' tell his wife about it. What's he want to take it out on us for? We ain't got anything to do with it."

"Trouble is," said Jones, "this here's what you might call a domestic matter. He can't go an' tell his wife about it without gettin' into a family row, see?"

"You know, everybody that gets more than four thousand per has got to pay income tax. Now, they don't ask you to please come an' pay. They ain't got any time to fool around like that. They just figure it up an' stop it out of your pay, see? Course the major's got to pay income tax an' so gettin' around it. But the skipper's trying to edge through."

"These income tax people are pretty foxy. They figure up your pay an' all your allowances. Now, you know when you're gettin' allowances for nothin' it kinda hurts to have somebody figure it up on you, see. That's what these tax guys do. They get you goin' an' comin'. Just because you're workin' for the government don't get you anything."

"The skipper could side by on his pay all right, an' never get touched, but when they figured up how much rent an' light an' fuel an' other allowances he was gettin' an' added it onto his pay, the skipper found he was gettin' a photoelectric income an' just over the limit. Consequently they had him down for his little bit of income tax."

"The cap'n thinks he knows a way around that an' he goes down to the Q. M. an' looks up his light an' fuel account to prove he ain't used all his allowance, see. Tryin' to pull his income down an' slide by. When the major finds it out he bawls the skipper out good an' plenty. 'What are you tryin' to do, captain? What does this mean, sir?' 'Why,' says the skipper, somewhat startled, 'I'm only tryin' to show I ain't need my full allowance.' 'Very fine, very fine,' says the major. 'Do you know what will be the result of that?' 'No,' says the cap'n, 'what, major?' 'Why,' says the major, 'the war department'll say if you don't need all that allowance we'll cut it down, see? Here we are tryin' to get more allowances on account of the high cost of livin' an' you come along an' try to bust up the whole show. Don't ever let me hear of it.'"

"That's why the skipper's grouchy this mornin'," concluded Jones.

## Small Talks

JACK McARTHY, Big League Umpire—It's a shame to take the money for this.

T. B. THIELE—The town is now ready for the winter crush of tourists. Let 'em come!

DEATH VALLEY JIM SCOTT, Chicago White Sox—Say, Chicago ain't nothin' like this.

F. J. LOWBEY—If Roosevelt could have only seen my lawn during the Baby Circus yesterday!

GOVERNOR PINKHAM—People want to know things from me at times that I cannot tell. How can I do it when I don't know it myself?

HARRY MURRAY—It looks more as if we are going to have a lava boulevard than a "Lava Trail." The show is out-growing its thoroughfare.

E. L. SCHWARTZBERG—The demand for good residential property in Honolulu is picking up. People now are asking for bigger places and better places.

COLLECTOR A. FRANKLIN—Until more drastic measures are taken to the courts here, all hopes for breaking up smuggling in this port, I am afraid, are almost hopeless.

EDITOR SHEBA—The persistent refusal of the authorities to the proposed aviation meet has been a sore disappointment to a great many well meaning Japanese citizens.

CHARLES R. FORBES—People seemed to be much amused at my appearance yesterday. I'm told that I looked the same as George Davis and Jack Lucas did on previous occasions.

EDWARD SMITH—How many people in Honolulu know that we have in Honolulu a first cousin to General French, the British commander-in-chief of the British forces on the Continent?

HARBORMASTER FOSTER—My entire concern is with the shipping in this harbor and I can't be bothered dodging bullets from the rifle range when I'm moving ships around outside.

JOHN NATIER—They ought to paint these new lamp posts around Aiea Park green, to match the park surrounding, and not red, which might be taken to indicate the high way to Oahu Prison.

RUDOLPH HEYDENRICH—It's a long, long way to Tipperary but it won't be very far to the Lava Trail on the night of December 5. Neutrality, real neutrality, will be observed there. Believe me.

GENERAL EDWARDS—Confound it, just as I start to show these people out here how to police this place up so it will look like something I get orders to go to Panama. I'll make them step around down there.

J. D. TUCKER—Yesterday was the first time in fifteen years that I was not in the Shriner's parade. I stayed away, not because I am getting old, but because my paramparators have been out of gear for some time.

CITY CLERK KALAOALANI—The reason I am studying up on the territorial statutes and the city ordinance is because I expect I shall have to answer every possible sort of a question off-hand when the new city administration comes into office.

JOHNNY MARTIN—If it was necessary for Moses to go up the mountain to get the Ten Commandments, I think it is just as necessary for Billy Sunday to come down to Honolulu and bring this city his up-to-date version of these same Ten Commandments.

SUPERVISOR WOLTER—Every time I get up at a meeting of the board of supervisors and try to do something for the interests of the people, somebody tries to make a joke out of it. If it ain't stopped I shall quit attending the board meetings pretty soon.

LORRIN ANDREWS, Rallied Hoier R. P. O. E. Six—The Elks were very glad to entertain the visiting ball players from the Coast on Wednesday evening, and everybody had a good time. Those who assisted in entertaining the visitors won the thanks of Honolulu lodge.

HARBOR POLICE OFFICER CARTER—I thought there was lot aboard one of the German ships in port last night, but when I went to investigate I found they were singing "God Save the King." They had just received a long despatch from Germany about the war.

EX-SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC WORKS CALDWELL—Some one ought to use their political influence to have the Hawaiian Islands kept as a national park. He has the main good and if only kept on the job and given the encouragement and help he deserves he will make of the park a place for Honolulu to be proud of.

## Feeding the German Soldier

Military experts placed little faith in the numerous rumors during the first days of the war to the effect that the German armies were suffering for lack of food. The reason why they doubted these reports, says the New York American, was because it was hard to believe that a commissary department so well equipped as Germany's would fail in its work so early in a struggle for which preparations have been going on for years.

All civilized nations have long recognized that food supplies may play as important a part in the winning or losing of battles as ammunition, marksmanship and personal bravery. With the thoroughness which is a characteristic of their nation the Germans have for years made the feeding of their soldiers a matter of scientific study. Their commissary department is under the direction of a group of dietetic specialists who are admitted to have no superiors and few equals.

The daily ration which they have prescribed as the best fortification for a German fighting man's stomach includes twenty-six ounces of fresh bread, or seventeen ounces of blancet; thirteen ounces of fresh meat, or seven ounces of smoked meat; four ounces of rice, or eight ounces of flour, or fifty-two ounces of potatoes; nearly an ounce of salt; nearly an ounce of roasted coffee, or one-tenth of an ounce of tea, and half an ounce of sugar.

The amount of bread eaten in a week by the German soldiers now in the field would make a loaf 395 feet high and weighing 40,130,000 pounds. A week's supply of potatoes would make a tuber 188 feet high and weighing 120,250,000 pounds.

The figures given are for the standard ration, which is probably a very different thing from that actually being consumed along the great battle formations, where there is a great flexibility as to the food to be used. It is possible that pemmican (a condensed meat product) is entering into the ration very largely. The Kaiser has always expressed a lively interest in his soldiers' food, and he has not infrequently ridden up to the field bakeries and sampled the product of their ovens.

Some idea of the enormous expense of the war will be gained from the fact that the daily cost of provisions for the combined armies could be \$12,500,000, without the expense of transportation, which would be \$4,200,000 more each day. These figures were based on the prices of some years ago, so that fifteen per cent could be added to the cost of the food, making the cost today \$18,750,000, or \$22,950,000 "delivered" at the place of consumption.

## In the South Seas

By Herbert M. Ayres

Diamond dawns and stained glass sunsets,  
Moon-stars a-bend from a violet sky,  
Beach fires smoke and a song at twilight,  
Yesterday's mem'ries—and you and I.

A kindly clime and a kindly people,  
And ours the bidding to work or play—  
The nights for love and the days for laughter,  
And roses growing along our way.

A fadless past and a hopeless future,  
A present the world's wealth could not buy,  
Eragrant and fraught with a rare repentance,  
For such bruised beings as you and I.

Faces that haunt and voices that torment,  
And never succumb from their haunting spell;  
A hut 'neath the palms and a grave by the sea-shore—  
A month of heaven, a year of hell.

Honolulu, November 20, 1914.

## A Message From the Xmas Cheer Committee

At this Thanksgiving season, as we sit at our bountiful table, surrounded by comfort and luxury, let us not forget those who are less fortunate in lands where it almost seems as though God Himself had forgotten His children.

Let our hearts and prayers turn toward stricken Belgium, the little country which one short year ago, was full of comfortable homes and happy families—careless, healthy, merry little children, many of whom are now mourning the loss of father, mother, home and country.

In gratitude for our many blessings, can we not dispense with some non-essential, luxury or delicacy, and use the money instead for the little sufferers across the sea?

The Xmas Cheer Committee, in answer to an appeal, has written to the Belgian minister in London, asking him to specify an object among little Belgian children for which our money can be used. The reply will be published in the papers.

In the mean time Miss Catton, treasurer (P. O. Box 324), will gladly receive contributions or money can be put in cash boxes placed in all the drug stores.

MRS. WALTER EMORY,  
MRS. C. MONTAGUE COOKE, JR.,  
MRS. CALDWELL,  
MISS CATTON, Treasurer.

make Dumas turn in his grave, while as for the famous phrase of the play, "The world is mine," it is not to be found in the novel at all. It was stated once that Henry Hamilton, the English dramatist, proposed to make a really worthy dramatization of "Monte Cristo" for the late Kyle Belle, but evidently the project was abandoned. As a matter of fact, few works of fiction would be more difficult to dramatize adequately.

Most of us who love the novel would not mind a short imprisonment in the Chateau d'If just for the thrill of the thing. And perhaps some of its German inmates may beguile their hours of confinement with "Alexander the Great's" magic pages.